King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight*. May we not get accesse to her (my Lord?)
king. Fayth, by no meanes; she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible:
One twelue Moones more she'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
This by the eye of *Cinthya* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.
3. *knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
king. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symonides*.
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.
Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
king. Sir, you are Musickes maister.
Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)
king. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?
Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.
king. And she is faire too, is she not?
Peri. As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN